SIX OLD WOODEN HOUSES

WITH GARDENS TOO, JUST OFF THE BUSY RIALTO.

Two Story Frame Buildings Allowed to Stand on High Priced Land—Tenants as Unusual as the Houses—Artists in Shoes, Wigs and Ironing Among Them.

People who complain of the architectural exhibit of New York that it is never stationary long enough for a returning traveller to recognize old landmarks should at least give credit to a certain row of buildings, half a dozen in number, two stories only in height which is the most conspicuous feature in a street adjacent to the busiest part of the Rialto within a stone's throw of the Metropolitan Opera House and other well known structures.

Only a year's lease is given of these houses, and the tenants aver that at any moment they may get notice to quit, but they say it smilingly, and add the statement that the threat or prophecy of this ultimatum has long since lost its sting and that they feel themselves just as secure in their temporary domiciles as do those tenants protected by a lease of ninety-nine years.

Other people of a speculative turn of mind may corner the market in wheat or cold storage eggs, they add further, but their landlord, Mr. Van Ingen, has done better and cornered his property in a secure position and now sits back watching its value leap from million to million. Some of these tenants declare that $8,000,000 is the latest offer made for the property, while others, more conservative, name two, three or four millions as the limit. You do not expect exact information on the subject, but are content to accept all estimates. When you have passed the million dollar mark the mind gets lethargic.

The houses are situated on the north side of West Fortieth street, each with a tiny garden plot in front and with a generous slice of garden in the rear, which in the spring blossoms with all sorts of interesting floral and festive decorations varying from tomato cans to hollyhocks. It being a little out of season now, some happy habiliments, motheaten and patched, hang on the fence palings and broken down wheelbarrows replace the herbaceous borders.

Pedestrians roaming through this block are apt to be astonished when the row of two story wooden houses meets their eye for the first time. Possibly they exclaim; at any rate they loiter and look as if they could not credit their eyes. Custom does not stale the wonder. Nearly any day you will see a group of three, four or five busy American men stopping to swap ideas as to the value of the property.

The country visitor, according to whether he hails from Boston or Kansas City, Mo., carries away the picture of the row and that of some crosstown horse cars as the most remarkable sights of the burg and will tell about them until his next visit to unbelieving home stayers. Actors who have been on the road for years make immediately for West Fortieth street and breathe sighs of relief when the expected for once really happens.

Statistics as to birth and longevity vary as much as quotations of value. According to one authority the row of houses is fairly senile, having long since passed the Scriptural threescore and ten years allotted to the righteous dweller. Another speaks vaguely of a possible eighty years as the true record. At any rate all agree that the houses are old enough to deserve the respect due to the sere and yellow.

The houses are a sort of drabby gray, for whatever the original color of the row it is now faded. Paint is peeled off in patches. Seven sagging steps lead from the garden plots to the front doors, in the most ambitious propped by side braces.

Between two of the houses the original surface is covered over by a light green latticework. Over it in summer time trail vines from the window boxes of the small paned windows, for this is the show house of the series, temporarily occupied by a firm of young architects, one of whom, not unlike a sporting Englishsquire in appearance, gives as a reason for the choice of abode that "the ladies can get here easily from Fifth avenue, driving over in a minute or two."

Some of the other dwellings are separated by paling and picket fences, black, white and dark green, suggestive of a Colonial influence, and not to be outdone by the high note struck by the mural decorations of the show house, other tenants have added their mites to the general outdoor attraction of the row. In these houses a cosmopolitan lot of people are gathered together, but whatever the nationality or occupation, the landlord, it seems, plays no favorites, exacting from each $105 a month for rent, the improvements to be paid for out of the tenants' pockets. These improvements you hear spoken of from time to time, varying from Georgian fronts to Queen Anne wings, all theoretical rather than practical, being prevented from being put into immediate execution by the one year lease.

The carpenter who occupies the ground floor of one of the dwellings has from his calling less opportunity than other tenants to add an artistic note to the general scheme, but he has done the best he could with the means at his disposal, and two dumpcarts rampant adorn the garden plot of his premises. Overhead attention is attracted by the sign of the only Carpezio, who has made opera shoes for twenty years or so for all the premieres danseuses who have appeared at the Metropolitan and at the more celebrated theatres. S. Carpezio limits his art to the best.

The sign is the device of the indweller and shows on an ebony façade some gilt letters explaining his reason for being in this troublesome world, with the addition of pictorial symbols in the form of medallions at either end displaying groups of top boots and dainty footgear of the Louis Quinze period, a period particularly dear to the operatic shoemaker.

That art can give spades to science in the form of carpentering is proved by the fact that S. Carpezio is the only tenant whose business is so flourishing that it has lapped over and taken possession of the adjoining two story house, recently vacated for reasons which seemed sufficient to the owner of the property. S. Carpezio is not unduly proud of the distinction and he does not state it as an incontrovertible fact that the primary reason for such addition is the increased size of the opera dancer's foot, although a cynic might gather this from his halting speech.

He speaks in a general way, as he shows the difference between the old box toed shoes and the softer fashion of the present, of a profession that has built itself up in the course of twenty years from lowly beginnings to a soulful vocation. Asked why the Italian shoemakers are so much more successful in this line than their American contemporaries, S. Carpezio describes with Latin eloquence the great ballet schools at Turin and Milan, and the smaller school at Rome, where the opera shoemaker has a steady demand for his wares and side by side with the terpsichorean art grows the other art that he represents. S. Carpezio asserts it as a sad truth not to be questioned by a mere tyro that until America parallels his own country in this particular it cannot expect to produce ballet shoes of similar perfection.

To relieve the depression attendant upon a statement that you are not prepared with proof to overturn, he takes a pink satin creation from the glass case, said creation decorated with pearl bead arabesques, and when you have sufficiently admired its dainty proportions and symmetry he tells you, striking the attitude suitable for the occasion, that the slipper is the just finished order of Miss Fritzi Scheff, whose yearly bill with him amounts to about $575. He considers Miss Scheff's number 2½ the most attractive last in his collection.

S. Carpezio's section of the two story houses is an alluring place. The walls are covered with a brown and white striped paper and an odor of fresh leather is all about. From the floor to the low ceiling are rows of satin buskins and ecru sandals of blue satin dancing slippers, and white and gold Louis Quinze, Seize or Quatorze slippers indiscriminately mingled.

There are swashbuckler boots and vaudeville models, each toe with its separate, roomy habitation, so that the "artist," when all other methods of raising a laugh from the tired business man has failed, can wiggle his toes till the rafters ring. S. Carpezio speaks with a slightly contemptuous accent of the vaudeville end of his business, but admits that there is money in it, and that you must sometimes make concessions to the lower side of life; that it is only by doing this that you can preserve the ideal part of your nature and of your profession.

In the inner room and upstairs the odor of leather mingles with that of shavings and machine oil. The walls are lined with wooden lasts, helpers are sewing and cutting, and from the trying on room a couple of pretty girls emerge with some final directions to the gallant Carpezio.

"Now, remember, I must have the toe hard. I can't dance unless it is," and the speaker is bowed out with a courtly gesture.

"That is Miss Julia Sanderson of 'The Arcadians.' Oh, yes, I made all the shoes and sandals for that production as well as all the opera shoes for the two grand opera houses and for the Boston Opera House. It is true, I suppose, Boston is highly intellectual, but when it comes to feet——" and Carpezio makes an explanatory gesture.

You had gone into the operatic shoemaker's to get some further information regarding the row of two stories but the description of his own work has absorbed the time. You hope to do better at your next visit and mention this hope to the young woman in charge of the wigs and toupees dwelling plainly advertised, with perhaps not quite so much pictorial pleasantry as S. Carpezio's wares but with a certain effective abandon of lettering. The wigs and toupees emporium is placed by the long arm of coincidence next door to the operatic shoemaker's.

The young woman goes S. Carpezio's inaccurate information one better, mentions $10,000,000 as the value of the property and says that if it were not for the short lease they could make wigs that would trail on the ground and toupees that would forever after unfit the wearers for any real connection with that first row of musical comedy patrons. Incidentally she mentions that to her way of thinking neither operatic nor theatrical success is at all dependent upon the kind of opera shoe worn, but when it comes to headgear, why, that is another story. As she says, everybody sees an actor's head, but how few his feet.

The walls of the wig shop are adorned with photographs of operatic celebrities who are indebted to the proprietors for their present successes and accompanying salaries. Imagine Tetrazzini singing *Lucia* without a long, light wig and you can get some idea of the importance of a place which has not heretofore received the respect due its efforts.

Could Mary Garden have created any impression as a *Mélisande* in a modern coiffure done at home by an inexpert maid? Perish the thought! Not only Miss Garden and Mme. Tetrazzini are debtors for the prestige they have gained, but Caruso himself would have had, you learn, scanty applause as a short haired *Rodolfo*, and *Elektra*—think of a wigless *Elektra*! In this little shop in this row of seemingly unimportant dwellings is the secret of the prestige of the quartet mentioned, as well as that of several hundred others.

Wigs and toupees you learn is a generic term that covers all sorts of crossbreeds. There are hard shell wigs and wigs on the half shell which include the family of soft shells. There are wire beard wigs and soubrette wigs, gents' negro wigs and satire wigs, ladies', boys' wigs and monk wigs.

While the proprietors prefer the theatrical trade, as it is surer, there always being a matinée idol to rely on, whose position depends on their skill not only with his manager but with his public as well, they do not turn their faces to the wall when called upon by the business world. They recognize the truth, you learn, that in many places if a man wants to keep his job he must keep his hair.

When Mrs. Taliaferro occupied the upper floor of the nearby dwelling she was spoken of as the "little old woman who lived in a shoe," and the two story home as the shoe. Now that her mantle has fallen upon Mrs. A. Kelly, who conducts the same business of supplying children to the theatrical trade and standing between them, the Gerry society and the public, the same sobriquet is retained.

Through all hours of the day, while the operatic shoemaker is plying his trade, the wigmaker is supplying toupees to stars and the other denizens of the row are busy in their professions, bunches of children, many of them with dramatic reputations already established, come and go. They alone seem really fitted to the environment. These quaint houses might have been built especially for them, so small are they and ungrown in appearance.

At the Blanchisserie Parisienne there is a large black cat which stalks majestically across the tiny laundry at your approach, while the proprietress, eating her simple luncheon of ham sandwiches out of a piece of newspaper, looks up placidly and continues her repast after giving a French roll to her stiffly starched gown of pink percale.

She has heard, but she cannot be sure of the information, that the very first steam laundry in New York was started in the row. She hopes that the proprietors did better than she does, for while she's able to scratch along people don't really appreciate good work, and she thinks oftentimes perhaps it would be just as well to do ironing the way the Americans do it as with that fine grace and skill only possible to a laundress trained in France.

"There a girl gives two years of her time for the training she gets, and why not?" she says. "Surely you cannot pay a girl and make any profit who does not know the business and over whom you have to stand all the time. But you cannot get American girls to look at the matter in the right way. They want money the moment they take an iron in hand."

Yet she likes the two story dwelling. She selected it, for there is something that makes her think of Paris, a something, she does not know what; and she has good neighbors who have the artistic sense.

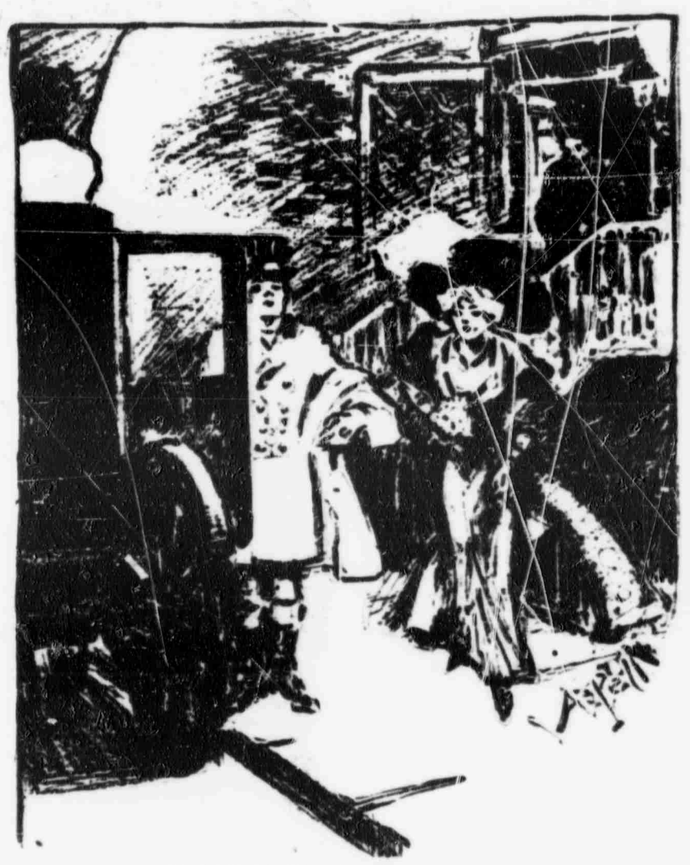
The artistic sense blossoms into a riot of decoration in the last house visited, where Chris Lorenzen, who deals in antiques and bric-à-brac, says that the property will soon be worth $12,000,000, and he expects to stay in that very place until he sees his prediction fulfilled.

The antique dealer is generous in the display of his wares, which in sun and shade stand outside to catch the wandering glance of the passerby. There is an unframed portrait of George Washington done in crewel work and an accompanying oil of "The Death of Ananus." Bits of furniture, Colonial, Dutch, French and English, mixed with modern antiques, abound. Russian lacquer work and Syrian bronze pieces hobnob with Armenian atrocities. There are Franklin stoves and Andrew Jackson campaign badges. He shows a roulette wheel intended to keep a husband at home and a piece of metal which will prevent the wearer from drowning.

The antique dealer is the oldest tenant in the row. Although he does not commend the necessity of improving your own place, yet so sure is he of a long continuance of his incumbency that he has installed electric lights, changed the small window to a three sided bay and screwed a Bird of Freedom door knocker in place.

THE ANTIQUE SHOP.

A BIT OF OLD NEW YORK.



SO CONVENIENT TO FIFTH AVENUE.

FRITZI SCHEFF'S SLIPPER.

SOFT SHELLS FOR HIM.

BOY MAYOR OF A SCHOOL CITY

YOUNG OFFICIALS AT P. S. 43 ARE ON THE JUMP.

The Youthful Street Cleaning Commissioner Got the Snow Out of the Yard and Then Called on Big Bill to Do His Duty—The Poor Cared For Too.

The man in the editorial room who was expecting it not having received on time the current issue of the *Educator* a reporter was assigned to go to Public School 43 in Williamsburg and find out what delayed that highly esteemed contemporary. The *Educator*, as every one ought to know, is the magazine published by the pupils of Public School 43, and the trouble about getting the current issue out to the exchange list came about through an excess of circulation. The issue had not only been sold out but had been oversold. There was the deuce to pay, also a premium on circulated copies, for Principal James A. O'Donnell was gladly paying six cents each for copies that had gone to satisfy in part the public demand at five cents a copy.

Public School 43, which runs scholars through the educational mill from the kindergarten to a point where they are graduated into the high school, has 2,800 pupils and they have instituted a municipal government called the School City. In the government is a kid duplicate of every official in the government of the city of New York, and those who are not in office are citizens and perform a citizen's duty.

As the profits on the sale of the *Educator* are the only funds available for carrying on the business of that school city naturally the enthusiastic citizens have been booming the circulation of the *Educator*. The Comptroller and City Chamberlain, who of course have charge of the *Educator's* finances, were congratulating themselves over the prospect of an increased budget, especially as the recently instituted Department of Charities was making emphatic demands for funds.

That's a wise little institution, that School City over in Williamsburg. Ninety-five per cent. of the scholars are either foreign born or children of foreign parents; excellent raw material upon which to impress some definite knowledge of civil government. So thought Mr. O'Donnell, whose ambition it is to turn out as many pupils as possible with more than a vague notion of how a great big city is governed. So he began some time ago organizing the school into a municipality.

At the latest election Jacob M. Kurshan was elected Mayor; A. Greenberg, President of the Board of Aldermen; S. Raphael, Street Cleaning Commissioner; Herbert Ling, Health Commissioner, and Isidor Morris, Secretary to the Mayor.

While the various departments were being further created and instituted came along a snowstorm, which put the paved court back of the schoolhouse out of business as a playground. That was where S. Raphael, Street Cleaning Commissioner, showed up strong. He knew his job. He sent his deputies down into the basement instructing them to levy on all the shovels and brooms in the janitor's and the furnace rooms, and before the first teacher had arrived the morning after the snowstorm Master Commissioner, with two or three hundred active boys, wasn't doing a thing to that snow in the court except conveying it by rapid transit out into Boerum street. Before school hour the court was shovelled, swept and mopped until looking into it you'd never have a suspicion that it ever was snowed on.

All this activity had resulted in the building of a bank of snow on the street which would bother the smaller children. Thereupon the school city Street Cleaning Commissioner wrote a sharp letter to the really and truly Commissioner, calling his attention to the unusual amount of snow in front of Public School 43 and pointing out that it was a danger to the health of the pupils, and the first thing that the sure enough Street Cleaning Commissioner did after he had got through gasping at the letter was to hustle an extra squad of white wings into the neighborhood with instructions to do pretty much whatever they were told to do by a certain Master S. Raphael, who would probably be found in one of the schoolrooms studying one of the three R's.

This getting into official communication with the real thing in municipal government mightily encouraged the school city and the institution of additional departments and commissioners went on rapidly. One of the new departments, as has been said, is that presided over by the Commissioner of Charities. The school is in the centre of a not rich population and a good many of the school citizens appear on duty with somewhat overventilated shoes and stockings. These are quietly noted and a report made thereon to the Commissioner of Charities, who in turn presents his report to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and by this perfectly formal although executive proceeding many an overventilated pair of shoes is cast aside for a pair of greater integrity.

Then there is the Board of Magistrates, of which Louis Cohen is president. Each afternoon when school has been dismissed a Magistrate sits to hear complaints brought to his attention by the proper members of the police force. Any youngster who has been careless in littering up clean places with waste paper or who has crossed a street at a danger point is solemnly arraigned, his case heard, and if found guilty he is sentenced to some punishment. Perhaps he is not permitted to indulge in his favorite play or he gets an extra tour on the broom.

The sanitary officers of the school city find it expedient to vary somewhat their duties from those of their official models. The real city provides medical examination and health inspection for the schools, so the school city health and sanitary authorities concern themselves as to their citizens' physiques in relation to athletics. New pupils or languid scholars are encouraged to "chin" themselves with increasing frequency, daily to practise the high and the broad jump and likewise to shorten the length of time it takes them to sprint sixty yards; and they get practical results. The school city's teams won both the junior and senior basketball championship last year.

There isn't one of Mayor Gaynor's commissioners who takes his job more to heart or is keener upon it than those little chaps who are running the model kid city over there in Williamsburg. You ask one of them what his duties are and faster than you can turn over the pages of your note paper he is delivering you a lecture on departmental duty that it would warm Mayor Gaynor's heart to hear.

"I'm a New York boy," said Mr. O'Donnell yesterday, "at least I was once a boy, and I have always been a New Yorker, and I want these youngsters to become real citizens of the real city with more than a vague idea of how a city should be run. It interests the boys enormously, and that in itself would justify the work we do to help them; but I think there will be a greater and wider good done. We'll turn out intelligent citizens."

Tree Planting by a Railroad.

From the Philadelphia Press.

More than a million trees were planted by the Pennsylvania Railroad last year on tracts along its right of way. The total number of trees planted since 1902, when the forestry work was started, is 3,482,186. These figures are included in the report of the company's forester, which has just been made public.

Special effort was given last year to growing ornamental shrubbery for parking purposes, and to save time 6,000 plants were imported from France.

WHEN POETS GET TOGETHER

ALL SORTS OF PLANS TO BOOM TRADE IN NEW YORK.

A Salon or a Back to Nature Meeting—Perhaps a Cloistered Reading Place Like London's Might Suit—Maybe They'll Get an Entirely New Idea.

It was with mingled sensations that you were lifted to the fourteenth floor of the Ansonia on Washington's Birthday night to attend the launching of a poetic society. Openly inquisitive you stepped from the elevator into the abode of the muse, which chanced to be also the abode of Isaac L. Rice.

You tried immediately to slake your thirst for information. Poets, poets everywhere, but not one to help you out. At last you found Edward J. Wheeler, the presiding officer of the evening, who by virtue of his editorship of *Current Literature* needs must hold considerable authority over the poetic mind.

Mr. Wheeler pleaded guilty to being in part responsible for the starting of the movement, only he did not consider himself very guilty. Under certain circumstances, he said, he thought such a movement could be at the least an innocuous pastime, and how high up it might lead was a matter of conjecture.

"I," smiled Mr. Wheeler, "am but the grop rope on the balloon, the ballast rope on the aeroplane—if such things be."

So he leads you on to Edwin Markham, the transplanted Californian, who looks so much his part of poet that he hardly needs the formal introduction. He had some ideas, though not yet clearly defined, as to what a poetic organization should be.

"Such a society," said he, "should be wide in its interpretation, a place where not only original poems should be read but where the whole matter of poetry lies free, a society not only for the few flitting snowbirds themselves but for all the lovers of poetry and for all poets who love their art; for those who stand and wait as well as those who build their lofty rhymes. Let it be a place for the reading of poetry and for the discussion of what it is that makes poetry."

Mr. Markham would not have it that poetry is in a moribund condition.

"Why, poetry is everywhere, right to-day, right here in this country," he said. "There is more poetry read than any one would imagine, and infinitely more written. You could scarcely find a man or woman who away down in the depths of his or her heart does not believe that he or she could write poetry, and most of them try it at some time. Poetry and philosophy and religion are the only ways to arrive at the conclusions of life, and religion is but poetry in practice."

It was the host, Mr. Rice, who proposed the union scheme, a poet's protective association, as it were. The poets might then with some effect strike for higher wages, argued Mr. Rice, which considering that the speaker is himself an editor was a statement well worth listening to.

So from these and from what they and others said later in informal speeches you learned under what hazy auspices must a new venture be ventured. You also noticed that under a top layer of joking was a solid stratum of seriousness. Young George Sylvester Viereck begged for any measures that might make for the proper appreciation of poetry.

Though jocularly proposing a poetic stock company which might be able to bring forth to light the mass of poetry hidden away in publishers' stock rooms Mr. Viereck earnestly insisted that what he postwise termed "the secret flame" must be shown to the people, and above all he made a plea for the poetry which is meant to be heard by the ear and not merely seen by the eye.

"People will read poetry," he said, "but they refuse to listen to it."

Therefore he proposed as a beginning a sort of salon—a place furnishing auditorium, audience and tribunal, where the secret flame might be trotted out. Hermann Scheffauer, the California poet, in his turn told of the encampments of San Francisco's Bohemian Club in the famous forest of giant redwoods and advocated above all else the necessity on the part of those who really enjoy poetry of removing in a body to some rural surroundings away from the cold, hard and stony city.

This first organization of poets drew its people from the four quarters and from widely varied callings. Hudson Maxim, who is supposed to know more about gunpowder than verse, had some heartfelt remarks to make concerning the salon proposition; he tried it in Brooklyn not long ago.

Leon Dabo, the decorative artist who was born in Michigan and remade in Paris, was there too. Mr. Dabo doubted whether such a move as that under contemplation would do much to keep poetry alive. Taking up rules and by-laws would stifle the poet; his endeavors would die of dryrot. The love of life must predominate, with a strong critical and social side. A salon! There had been no worthy leader of such since the days of the Princess Mathilde Buonaparte, he added, turning a critical eye over the room.

Eventually a committee of five was named by Mr. Wheeler, who withdrew and succeeded in deciding upon at least a temporary name for the organization: the Poetry Club.

The Poets Reading Society of London, founded by Max Ploughman in 1908, was, it seems, the most direct incentive for the new Poetry Club. There fortnightly from fifty to seventy-five qualified poets or enthusiasts meet in a chapel in the old Guildhall. The stone pillars and tremendous Gothic arches, it was reported, lend naturally a proper atmosphere, to which the glamour of darkness is added by extinguishing the lights. Concealed from view behind the dark curtains at the front, the unknown reader reads the poetry, whether it be original or that of the old masters. The result is complete enjoyment on the part of the hearers; "artistic, esoteric, and aesthetic," quoting from Mr. Scheffauer, who has listened. At times the reading is accompanied by harmonious music; at times there is sufficient light for the listeners to use printed slips of the poem read. All experiments are tried.

The majority of the poems read and enjoyed, it appears, are those which are never seen in print. Publication is not a qualifying attribute, according to the Poets Reading Society.

The Poetry Club of New York, temporarily so called, is entirely aware of its difficulties ahead. It shakes its head tentatively at the salon idea, more decidedly at that "artistic, esoteric and aesthetic" idea of London, and does not even consider the cafe clubs of Paris. Nevertheless it is very much in earnest and may surprise every one by originating some plan of procedure all its own with never a bit of imitation. At any rate it would have none of the Flower Festival idea.

For twelve years the Flower Festival has been annually celebrated at Cologne, where prizes have been given for the best original examples of various lines of poetry—love, religious, narrative, &c. The poet who gets the prize gets his poem printed in the book which awaits this event year after year, and also chooses the flower queen who may sit upon the golden throne; the present Crown Princess and Carmen Sylva have each thus served. Of course if a woman wins the prize she is privileged to occupy the throne herself without making a choice.

The optimistic member of the new Poetry Club who thought the festival might be lifted over to New York soil, or asphalt, had visions of boxes being sold at high prices, of newspapers paying the prizes for the privilege of first printing the successful poem, but others demurred; they had misgivings as to how true art would be nourished in so material an atmosphere.

The club is going to meet again soon—that was the decision at the fourteenth story gathering. Whether it will continue meeting in such lofty altitudes and so be a typical New York salon or whether it will seek out or fit to order some semi-mouldy, dark pillared old chapel, and so be a disciple of London, or start on a patronizing tour of the cafés of the greater city has not yet been decided. As said before, it may surprise every one by imitating nothing.

CONCRETE IN THE NEW DOCKS.

Street Front of the Chelsea Piers Is a Half Mile Concrete Wall.

The city of New York owns most of the docks at which it receives the shipping of the world and has spent large sums in recent years in improving its dock facilities. The most notable work of this kind thus far undertaken is known as the Chelsea dock improvement and is now about completed.

It involved the construction of nine immense steel concrete piers extending from little West Twelfth street to Twenty-third street, North River, and has cost the city a sum said to exceed ten million dollars. Plans were laid out as early as 1898 for the upper section of the nine piers and the project has thus been twelve years in reaching its full realization. The piers vary from 800 to 825 feet in length and have a maximum height of sixty feet. The giant steamships Lusitania and Mauretania here find berths with room to spare.

All the piers are of two stories and are of steel frame construction with reenforced concrete floors. The most interesting feature of this great municipal project from the standpoint of the concrete enthusiast is the enormous concrete wall that forms the street front of the piers and stretches without a break for over half a mile. The architectural lines are pleasing and the façade is elaborately ornamented with symbolic figures and devices cast in cement. The maximum height of the wall to the top of globe crowning the apex of the pediment is eighty feet and the height at points between the piers is forty-eight feet.

With the exception of a course of pink granite seven feet high at the base the wall is entirely of reenforced concrete, says the *Cement Age*. Beginning immediately above the granite base it is nine inches thick to a height of nine and a half feet, six inches thick to the second floor and four inches thick for the upper story. The idea obviously was to reduce the weight as much as possible.

SEATING THE SUPREME COURT.

Change in the Order of the Justices Caused by Justice Peckham's Death.

From the Green Bag.

The seating arrangement of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court has been changed because of the death of Justice Peckham. The Justices are seated in the order of seniority, with the exception of the Chief Justice, who always occupies the centre of the bench. The senior in point of service is seated at the Chief Justice's right, the next oldest at his left, and so on alternately, the youngest sitting at the Chief Justice's extreme left. The old seating arrangement was as follows:

Mr. Justice Day
Mr. Justice McKenna
Mr. Justice White
Mr. Justice Harlan
Mr. Chief Justice Fuller
Mr. Justice Brewer
Mr. Justice Peckham
Mr. Justice Holmes
Mr. Justice Moody

The Justices are now seated thus:

Mr. Justice Moody
Mr. Justice Holmes
Mr. Justice White
Mr. Justice Harlan
Mr. Chief Justice Fuller
Mr. Justice Brewer
Mr. Justice McKenna
Mr. Justice Day
Mr. Justice Lurton